

Crush by retoxification

Series: [Pretty Vulgar \[1\]](#)

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Summary:

Steve's a little in love and doesn't know how to handle it.

Crush

When Steve first becomes aware of his obsession with Hargrove, he's almost repulsed.

Almost.

He feels pathetic in a way he hasn't since he left Nancy in that bathroom at Tina's.

Not since she called him bullshit and said she didn't *really* love him.

Not since he was willing to overlook that and still continue with their *bullshit* relationship.

The only reason that didn't go through was because Byers fucked her and Steve isn't *that* pathetic that he would beg back for the girl who slept with another guy before their dead relationship even had time to cool off.

The repulsion is mostly inwardly directed.

It's not so much that Hargroves a boy, it's that, is Steve so hard-up that he wants to get it from some dude that he's supposed to hate?

Like, from what Steve can figure out, Billy Hargrove pays him a lot of attention. He's not really sure as to *why*, he just knows the other boy is usually within his sight-line.

So like, he thinks this whole thing, his little *crush* might be partly caused by his proximity to the other guy.

Steve's not very introspective and has no plans on starting that.

Self-reflection seems pretty dangerous for someone who's hidden all their dark shit deep inside, where they don't want it to be found.

So, while he is concerned about this new interest he has, and is definitely confused by it, he's not going to start digging deep within himself to figure out why he's being like this.

There's a reason he never went to therapy.

He has no interest in figuring out how all the shitty things that have happened to him shaped him for who he is today.

He *knows* he's a little fucked up, but like, *who isn't*?

It's a Thursday night when he had become aware that he's been thinking about Hargrove when the other guy isn't even around.

and not just thinking about him, but like, thinking nice things.

In fact, what's more worrisome, is *what* nice things he's been thinking about Hargrove.

Specifically, like, Hargroves stupidly blue eyes.

and really nice mouth.

and, like, his really pretty face in general and ripped body, and what the *fuck*?

It's not even fair.

Steve's a guy, so yeah, okay, he can't help but think about how Hargroves lips would feel wrapped around his cock.

or pressed against his own mouth, when he's feeling a little less horny and a little more vulnerable. Not that he's gonna admit to that shit.

Another reoccurring feature in his jerk-off fantasies is Hargroves teeth.

and like Steve's not like, a *freak* or anything, but Hargrove has perfect teeth and Steve can't help but wonder how it'd feel if the other boy used them to mark him up.

Also, needless to say, Steve's thought a whole lot about the other guys ass. It's round and *perfect*. He thinks, no he *knows*, Hargrove would be wicked tight around him, it'd be like a vice around his dick.

and really, it's when he became aware that these fantasies didn't

exactly feature hate-fucking, he knew he was in trouble.

The thing is, if he wasn't aware of how attracted he is to Hargrove, how much he thinks about him, it wouldn't be an issue.

But now?

Now, it's been a week since he became self-aware and he can't *stop* thinking about Hargrove.

Before it was passive, like just fantasies and random thoughts, shit he was barely paying attention to.

Now, though, he thought about him all the god-damned time and it was fucking embarrassing and pathetic and he hates feeling this way.

Especially since he knows he's part of the majority here.

Like, it sucks for him to admit it, but majority of the female population at their school wants Hargroves dick. Even though they know it's going to be a one-time thing.

Problem for them though, Steve and like, majority of the high-school has noticed, is that Hargrove doesn't fuck around a lot.

Like, dudes been here since October and it's April now and it's been *confirmed* that he's only fucked three different girls.

and for some guys, that would be a lot, like that would be *great*, but, Hargrove has them lining up for miles and he's not fucking interested.

Apparently, he thinks most of them are too ugly to fuck and while that's just horrible to say, Steve is secretly delighted by this.

It doesn't really matter though, because Hargrove's fucking picky.

and Steve's kind of a walking disaster lately, like...

It's their last period of the day, English, and their teacher is going over Shakespeare, and Steve's like, pretty sure he should know what play they're working on, since they started it on Monday, and it's

Thursday, but he doesn't.

Instead, he's blatantly checking out Hargrove. Maybe not blatantly, but like *pretty conspicuously*.

So of course, he shouldn't be surprised when he's caught out by the teacher.

"Mr. Harrington, care to share with the class what's got you so interested in Mr. Hargrove?"

and predictably, the class erupts in giggles, and Steve wants to murder his teacher. He also can't really not respond so he's like,

"Uh, yeah, just like, trying to figure out, like, how can that much douchebag fit into one person?"

and Steve thinks he's funny since the class outright laughs, Hargrove even lets out one of those annoying as fuck guffaws, but when he sees the unamused look on the teacher's face he knows he fucked up a little.

but he certainly couldn't have told the truth and said he was fantasizing about Hargrove eating his ass, he would probably give the guy a fucking stroke.

So, like, a rock and a hard place, you know?

"That'll be detention after class today, Mr. Harrington. Maybe then you'll be able to concentrate on the material. Oh, and apologize to Mr. Hargrove."

Steve sneers a little, like, who the *fuck* does this guy think he is.

but he doesn't want to subject himself to another detention, so he pastes on the sweetest expression he can muster and,

"Hargrove, I am so *sorry*, I hope you can forgive me," he says, all fake and saccharine.

Hargrove smiles at him, like a shark, all teeth and vicious.

“No worries, pretty boy. I’m sure you can find a way to make it up to me,” and the asshole has the audacity to wink at him.

Steve scowls and resists the urge to press his hand to his heart. It’s beating so hard he thinks you can see it through his shirt, and like, he just wants to make sure you *can’t*.

He doesn’t need that shit in his life right now. Doesn’t need his dumb ass heart pining away for some unattainable asshole who’s so picky with who he brings to bed he’s basically celibate.

Not that Steve can really talk because the last time he fucked was when he was still with Nancy and *that* was back in September.

Definitely should have been a clue that things were going south when she stopped sleeping with him.

He spends the next few minutes pretending to read along with the class before chancing a look at Hargrove again.

He flushes and feels his cheeks burn when the other boy catches him staring, *again*.

Detention’s only an hour, *Thank-fucking-God*, but he’s still surprised when he catches sight of the Camaro in the parking lot.

It’s only 2 spaces away from the Bimmer and he can see that Hargrove is sitting on the hood of the Camaro.

Like there’s no way that Steve is getting to his car without Hargrove noticing him.

His heartbeat goes triple-time at the idea of Hargrove waiting for him.

Like, what other reason could the other boy be there?

It’s not until he gets to his car and starts unlocking it that Hargrove says anything,

“Harrington.”

and his lips are wrapped around a cigarette as he takes a drag and Steve is momentarily stunned stupid.

“Hargrove,” he says, not in the self-assured, asshole, statement kind of way Hargrove said his name but, more like a weary question. He figures it’s warranted.

“Um, so, what are you still doing here?” he asks, after a few moments of awkward silence.

The other guy raises an eyebrow at him, like, Steve’s being annoying or stupid or *something*.

“Waiting for Max to finish at her science club,” he answers anyway.

and, oh yeah, the kids have A/V today,

“It’s A/V,” he corrects, and feels stupid for it because like, why the *hell* would Hargrove care about that.

“What?”

“They’re at A/V, not science club,” he says anyway.

Hargrove just rolls his eyes, “Jesus, I don’t *really* care, Harrington,” he says exasperated.

Like, Steve’s just wasting his precious time.

He feels the embarrassment burn deeper, like, he hates himself for liking Hargrove when the other guy is *such* an *asshole*, but he also hates himself because he can’t seem to keep his cool around him either.

He turns back around to get into his car, so he can drive home and like, maybe smother himself with a pillow.

“Bye, pretty boy,” the Asshole says and like, what is up with that.

Steve cuts him a look, like, he hopes it says *fuck you*, but he knows

it's probably saying *fuck me*.

"Yeah, uh, bye?" he says back.

When he gets in his seat he takes one last look at the other guy and his heart stumbles, because Hargrove has this tiny, cute smile on his face and Steve just wants to kiss it right off of him.

Fuck.

Steve manages to tone it down for a while, like tries to be as *inconspicuous* as possible. He doesn't need to have a repeat of what happened in English.

Does not need to draw attention to himself like that ever again.

and it works.

He manages to keep his head down until he's at Vicky's party two weeks after said incident.

He's pretty buzzed, not like, wasted or anything, but definitely *happy*.

Since he and Nancy broke up he started re-kindling his relationship with his basketball team.

and with Tommy and Carol...kind of.

Like he's not going to go out of his way to hang out with any of them, but things are on the mend, which is *cool* because Steve doesn't have to feel like a loser with no friends.

So yeah, he's at Vicky's party and he's actually having a good time.

Or he was until Hargrove turned up and like, started bugging him. Now, he's a little on edge, nervous that he's going to embarrass himself, *again*.

He's not going to try and front, he *loves* that Hargrove's talking to him, spending his time with him, and not any of the girls here but he

hates himself for it. He hates feeling pathetic like this, like he's willing to take any scrap of attention Hargrove doles out to him.

Like he's a dog begging to be fed.

It's mostly stupid shit, they're just trading barbs, snarking one another, and like if Steve didn't know any better, it could be flirting.

Like the grade-school kind where you yank a girl's hair for her attention.

Hargrove is drunk and beautiful right now. Like, he's got a stupid smile on his stupid gorgeous face, and he's so much more relaxed than he normally is.

and Steve's like, tipsy and horny and wants to crawl inside of the other guy. His wicked tongue and teasing smile are wrecking Steve and he just wants to shove Hargrove up against the nearest flat surface and *ruin him*.

Instead, he starts making his way outside, and Hargrove follows him, which is like, pretty sweet.

"Where we goin'?"

"Gonna have a smoke," Steve replies, casting a look back at the other guy.

They manage to make their way outside without crashing into anyone, in fact, they managed to get their cups refilled, which is *awesome*, so Steve's feeling like, pretty great right now.

They pick a spot to settle down at the side of the house, out of the way and a little less bright.

It takes but a second for Hargrove to light up two cigarettes, passes one off to Steve.

"Thanks," he mumbles, before taking a drag. He tilts his head back until it hits the brick of the house, relaxes against it.

Hargrove just grunts in response, like the animal he is.

They're quiet for a bit, which is abnormal, considering Hargrove rarely shuts up.

When he looks over at the other guy he's a little taken aback to find Hargrove's eyes already on him.

"Uh," and feels like a dumbass, which is *stupid* because he wasn't even the one caught staring, but now he's fucking tongue-tied.

"Shut up,"

and like, excuse him?

"I didn't even-"

and Hargrove has the audacity to shush him, like...

So, Steve's gearing up to get real righteous about it and tell him to fuck right off when Hargrove takes the opportunity and *kisses him*.

and like, objectively?

It's cute, like innocent and sweet, it's closed mouths and barely-there pressure.

but, subjectively? It's getting categorized as the most erotic thing Steve's ever experienced.

Steve's heart is going to hammer its way straight out of his chest and make a home in Billy's.

This is not what he expected at all, but like, it's probably the best thing that's happened to him all fucking year, maybe in his whole fucking *life*.

He feels Billy start to pull away and thinks, *nope*.

Immediately, Steve brings up his free hand and uses it to cradle the back of Billy's head, uses it to pull him in for another kiss.

He opens his mouth just enough to run the tip of his tongue along the seam of Billy's lips, and tries to suppress his smile when the other guy

lets him in.

and they kiss for what feels like forever and Steve's like so caught up in it he forgets about the cigarette in his hand until the hot ash falls on him.

He jerks away with a curse, "Fuck, what the *fuck*?"

He drops the butt in his half-filled cup and tries to inspect the damage.

But it's fucking dark and he can't see shit.

"Lemme see, pretty boy," Billy demands after he's tossed his own smoke. He's already grabbing and pulling Steve's hand towards himself before he can even respond.

"You can't *see* anything, it's too dark out," Steve grouses, like his hand fucking hurts and like he's pissed they've stopped kissing.

"Aw, Baby," Billy fucking coos at him, like he's a tiny, helpless animal or some shit, and proceeds to melt Steve's heart by pressing his lips to the back of his hand. "There, all better, yeah?"

and Steve can't fucking handle this guy, like,

"Is this how you act to get with girls?"

Billy recoils a bit, says, "I'm sorry, do I *ever* act like someone who wants to *get with girls*?"

and Steve remembers like, oh yeah, sounds about right.

"Uh okay, so, is this how you treat *boys* you wanna get with?"

Billy just laughs, brings up a hand to cup the back of Steve's neck and drags him in for another kiss.

He draws back just enough to mumble against his lips,

"Nah, just you."

Author's Note:

I don't even really know what this is...

But I'm thinking it could be the start of a series?

Please let me know what you thought or if you would like to see more of this!

Thank you for reading!!!!